Come ſiſter (Coſin I would ſay) pray pardon me
Goe fellow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands.
Never beleeve me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soveraigne, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend: the other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right,
Well, ſomewhat we muſt doe: Come Coſin,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen goe muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too, but time will not permit,
All is uneven, and every thing is left at ſix and ſeven. *Ex.*
Buſh. The wind ſits faire for newes to goe to Ireland,
But none returnes: for us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible.
Gree. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of thoſe love not the King.
Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes, and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſh. Therein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.
Bag. If judgement lye in them, then ſo doe we,
Becauſe we have beene ever neere the King.
Gree. Well: I will for refuge ſtreight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is already there.
Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in pieces:
Will you goe along with us?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſty:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that nev'r ſhall meete againe.
Bu. That's as *Yorke* thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*.
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes

Is numbring ſands, and drinking
Where one on his ſide fights, the
Buſh. Farewell at once, for or
Well, we may meet againe.
Bag. I feare me never.

Scæna T

Enter the Duke of Hereford
berland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord t
Nor. Beleeve me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger here in *Gloſterſhi*
Theſe high wide hils, and rough
Drawes out our miles, and makes
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath
Making the hard way ſweet and
But I bethinke me, what a weary
From Ravenſpurgh to Cottſhold
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting
Which I proteſt hath very much
The teadiouſneſſe, and proceſſe
But theirs is ſweetned with the h
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſ
And hope to joy, is little leſſe i
Then hope enjoy'd: By this, t
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhor
By ſight of what I have, your N
Bul. Of much leſſe valew is my
Then your good words: but wh
Enter H. Perc
Nor. It is my ſonne, young *Ha*
Sent from my brother *Worceſter*:
Harry how fares your Vncle?

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